

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1919

When Should a Man Retire?

The Clever Man Goes When the Going Is Good

EDWARD W. BOK'S THEORIES.

Editor of Woman's Magazine for Thirty Years Calls Halt at 56 Years of Age.

By Fay Stevenson

Copyright, 1919, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

There is no set age when a man should retire from business. It rests entirely with the man himself. With some men it might be as early as forty-five, with others fifty and with still others seventy-five. Every man knows in his heart of hearts when this time arrives and happy is he who goes when the going is good!

This is the philosophy of Edward W. Bok, former editor of the Ladies' Home Journal, who has retired at the seemingly early age of fifty-six. Mr. Bok in his talk on "When Should a Man Retire From Business?" before the Rotary Club of Brooklyn at the Hotel Somerset spoke earnestly and in a personal vein upon his subject.

"And, yet, despite the fact that you say every man knows in his heart of hearts when he should go," I said to Mr. Bok, "if you will pardon me, fifty-six does seem a little early to retire."

"That's exactly what my friends say," laughed Mr. Bok. "Many have given me just six months to live. Some of them even discuss the question of Congress and the League of Nations with me to see if I'm quite right. And yet, after thirty years' work as an editor with the Ladies' Home Journal I have been retired for four months and I have never been so busy in my life. I have been in my den just three times."

"To me, the average man's life is divided into three periods or epochs—his education, his period of achievement and what I term the acid test. The educational period may be brief with some men, but even the little fellow who is crowded out into the streets to sell newspapers passes through his 'learning time,' though his school be the street and his teachers the pedestrians. The period of achievement should be the time when a man provides for himself in his old age. If he is a husband he should provide for his wife and family so that if he is killed or incapacitated there will be enough for them. And after that comes the acid test of his life, the time when he meets the crossing of the road—one the road to keep on acquiring money, the other the road to retire and enjoy some of the beauties of life."

"But by retiring I do not mean that a man should simply devote himself to tennis, golf, horse-back riding or any of the hobbies he has held dear to his heart all his life. God forbid the man who devotes the rest of life to amusements. Those are the men who bore themselves and their families."

"I like to play. I enjoy the saddle and a good game of golf, but only in moderation. When a man retires he must refresh himself mentally as well

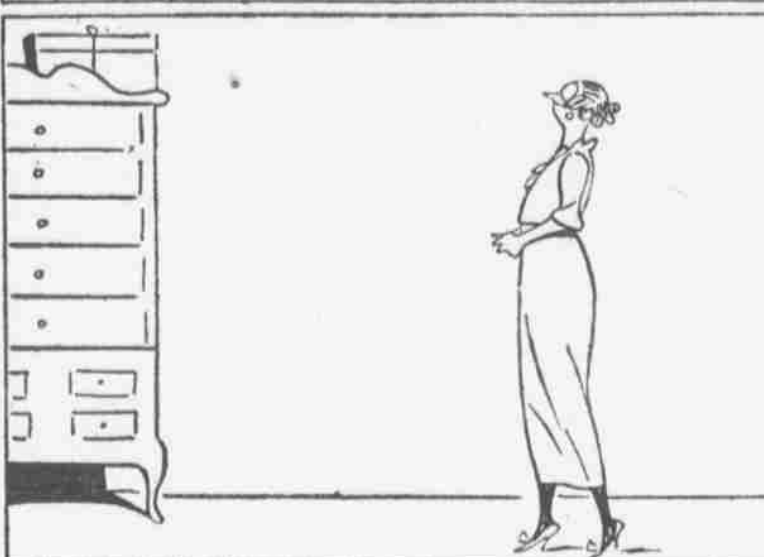
as physically. It wouldn't hurt any man who has retired to lend a helping hand to the other fellow. I refer to the young men of our country who are struggling to get a foothold in life. I have known better poverty. I came to America at the age of six from the Netherlands. I was a poor little Dutch boy who had to sell newspapers, lamplighters for one cent a glass in the summer time and pick up every stray penny. I scanned the lots for wood and hunted about the grocery store for boxes and strays pieces of coal. I scrubbed floors, washed dishes and helped my mother at every opportunity and to-day I thank the great Creator for my poverty. Not long ago I read an article, 'Why I Believe in Poverty,' and I thoroughly agree with its propaganda that poverty is an ideal state—not to stay in but to get out of. Now in my period of retirement I want to lend a helping hand to the boys who deserve it just as so many fine men extended a helping hand to me."

"If men retired with your brotherhood spirit they would have plenty to do," I agreed with Mr. Bok, "but most of the men I have met have managed to better the cook to disservice by nosing around the kitchen, worry their wife over her gowns and hats and generally bore every member of the family."

"But there is a great work for the retired man to do," continued Mr. Bok. "To all men who are just starting on their period of achievement I would say—be thrifty. When your income increases do not allow your expenses to increase. Save all you can when your money is coming in freely. And when you get to the acid test—the parting of the ways where you can go on and acquire more or stop and take a breathing spell—remember that money is not everything in life."

"Most men hate to retire for two reasons. One is that they think the firm couldn't get along without them and the other is they are afraid of stagnation. But the clever man goes when the going is good. It is well to remember what Charles Lamb said in regard to retirement: 'I love the joy of being able to walk about and around instead of to and fro.'"

Can You Beat It!



By Maurice Ketten



The Call of the Cradle

By Sophie Irene Loeb

Copyright, 1919, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

The Memories of Childhood Cling Throughout One's Life.

A FEW days ago I attended a meeting of the American Relief Committee for Hungarian Sufferers, which is co-operating with Herbert Hoover, in the interest of the children.

Mr. Hoover's letter to these good women, headed by the Countess Sascheny, formerly Gladys Vanderbilt, makes this significant statement after his survey of the situation:

"I know that the American people would have no resentment at any effort undertaken to give support in saving the lives of children during this winter. The destruction of war has borne heavily on the children of former enemies as well as friends, and the American people have not been fighting children."

There is something to be said in answer to the wall of wandering and homeless waifs in Hungary and other countries which were at war with us. Every American rises in wrath at the mere mention of the Kaiser and his kind. Every American is looking forward to such post war peace as will obliterate forever the late Emperor's methods and of all those close to him.

In a word, the militarist who is the menace of mankind must go, and in going, must thoroughly realize his punishment, as a deterrent against the future.

The people of the country also must be made to understand the enormity of the crimes that were committed in the name of war. Too close to our hearts are those who have suffered from the atrocities of our enemy.

All, all these things will be met in the terms of peace by the powers of our Government in order to insure the safe democracy, which has cost so dear.

But as to this story of the children...

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

Copyright, 1919, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

The Jarr Children Take Papa's Pen in Hand, and Instant Verbal Fireworks Result.

"D OGGONE!" What's the use of my trying to have any thing of my own in this house? Where's my pen and ink? Where's the writing paper? Nobody in it has any respect for me or my things!" shouted Mr. Jarr, as he frisked through his desk.

"I've often told you that you should keep your desk locked," said Mrs. Jarr. "You are no better than I am, and I have to keep my bureau drawers locked all the time. Of course, I forget it most of the time, but the children are just at that age when they like to ransack everything, and the whippersnappers I can give them won't stop it. Dear me! I wonder where they got it from? I never saw such children! Never! But then—"

and here Mrs. Jarr smiled a little—"I was just the same when I was their age."

"Well, I'm not going to lock things up in my own house," said Mr. Jarr. "I'd rather have things taken than to go looking up everything as if I feared thieves in my own family."

"Thieves, indeed," said Mrs. Jarr sharply. "That's a pretty way to talk about your own family! I never touch your pen and ink myself except now and then I may borrow them to write a letter. Every other woman I know has nice stationery. With a crest, too! Mrs. Strayer has a crest and so has Mrs. Kittling, and it's always a sign of unostentatious refinement to have expensive engraved stationery."

"What are you talking about?" said Mr. Jarr. "You got that desk for me, as you said, and everybody uses it but me! As for stationery, get it if you want to, but leave my writing paper and pen and ink alone, please!"

"I never touched them!" Mrs. Jarr retorted stiffly.

"I'm not touching the old pen and ink," said Mr. Jarr, "but I do think that much consideration should be given me. As for stationery, I've warned those children a dozen times not to touch my things and now I'm going to give them a sound whipping!"

"Punishment at this blessed season of the year?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "You shall do nothing of the kind! Besides, I told them they might have the pen and ink and paper."

"And I told them not to touch the...

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1919

Our Movie Stars

Scenario Writers Are the Guys Who Make a Litter Out of Literature—These Birds Can Take a Dozen Literary Masterpieces, an' After a Night's Work All They Have Left Are the Pieces—The Plot May Thicken, but It's Never Thicker Than the Scenariolists.

By Neal R. O'Hara

Copyright, 1919, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

THE movies in a great game all the year round. Something like baseball, except that Los Angeles always has the best team. Only real difference is that in the movies it's the bum films that are released and not the bum players. A film may not make a hit, but it's sure to get a run.

It's the stars that make the movies, although it wasn't the stars that developed 'em. You never see the stars on a cloudy day, either. Movie business is one game where it's always GOTTA be fair weather when good stars get together. That's why most of the film folks live in California. The sun's always shining there, and they ain't too far from Reno when the clouds appear.

Film favorites ain't the only ones that make up. While the netterettes are slipping on the grease paint, the scenario writers are making up the story. And when the story's finished it's shot—which it oughta be. Scenario writers are the guys that make a litter out of literature. Those

birds can take a dozen literary masterpieces and after a night's work all they'll have are the pieces. It's a wise author that can recognize his own brainchild when the scenario butchers are through with it. The plot may thicken, but it's never thicker than the scenariolists.

Lotta film actors have big heads without appearing in closeups. And all the film idols screen well, which puts 'em even with soft coal. Only difference between soft coal and the movie heroes is that there's a big demand for soft coal. Film biz is one game where a GUY'S face is his fortune. And a lotta the biggest fortunes have no brains behind 'em.

It's got so nowadays the camera men are everywhere. If they ain't busy filming a vampire movie, they're out getting pictures of other wrecks for the news weeklies. Camera men for the current events weeklies see everything and know everything, which is where they're got it on movie directors. It's always the camera guy that's there. He does the shooting whether it's a Western picture or an Eastern disaster. If Barbara Frietsch was alive to-day she'd say, "Shoot, if you must, this old gray head" to a mob of movie men. And Barbara'd have her closeup in all the news weeklies six days later. And Stonewall Jackson and his staff would also get in for 150 feet.

Yup, they're all going in the movies now. Jack Dempsey and Benny Leonard have stepped out of the ring and into focus. Camera guys will have 'em reeling in no time. Prizefighters have signed up a falling into clinches for a fadeout before the bell rings on the seventh flock of prize blondes for their oppo's on. Ring champs will soon be reel.

"Birth of a Nation" was the first big feature film, and that was the birth of a notion for the other guys. EVERY movie is a big feature film nowadays. Trouble is, they're all features and no brains.

Plot of the average movie starts like this to-day:

The Great Super-Film, "THE LOVE THAT KILLED."

Copyright, 1919, by the WHOZZIN FILM CORP.

Scenario by Rufus Q. Smith.

Photographed by Herbert L. Snyder.

Directed by Peleg Z. Brown.

Locations by N. Y. C. R. B.

Costumes by Lucy Plum-Duff.

Edited by Abner Y. Soapstone.

Sub-titles by Emily Smith-Jones.

Supervised by John J. Gump.

Developed by Horace X. White.

Packed by Robert T. Gool.

Shipped by Jeremiah Van Vleck.

Distributed by Herman F. Tiff.

Featuring ARTEMAS F. LIPP.

ARTEMAS F. LIPP (himself).

(THE END.)

Film comedies are also made in Los Angeles, which is in the heart and soul of the custard pie belt. When they start to make a roaring comedy, the process is very simple. Pies are thrown, comedians are thrown and then the film is thrown on the market. Public pays for 'em at 50 cents a throw.

Very best comic films have a custard filling. Some more of 'em are filled with lemons and razberries. Pie comics with bathing girl trimmings are filled with peaches—you could almost call 'em chicken pie comedies. One thing about 'em, though—custard pie comedies are never cut. The public eats 'em up whole.

National Board of Censorship sees all the films that are made. And that's what makes the National Board bored.

Papa read it just the way I wrote it. Except he didn't read where I told Santa Claus I wanted a doll baby carriage too!"

"Oh, I must have missed that!" said Mr. Jarr, with a grin. "Yes, here it is, plain as day. 'And a doll baby carriage.' Let me see your letter, Willie. Ah, yes, you want a motor cycle and a gun and a wireless telegraph set. I don't think Santa Claus can afford all those things this year, but we'll see."

"Will you mail the letters to Santa Claus for us, papa?" asked the little boy.

"This very day!" said Mr. Jarr emphatically. And he asked Mrs. Jarr what she was making such a fuss about the pen and ink for?

"Packed in a box are \$1 and can be had in various colors. Nice large Bayberry candles, which exude a delicious aroma, can be had for a dollar a pair."

The little miss would be delighted with one of those bright colored real leather hand-bags, with a purse and mirror, just like mother's. For the little man, who should be taught thrift, there are nice savings banks. The little girls might like a paste-board doll's house. There are some beautifully attractive models shown this year.

For the wee little one there are cute white dogs, bunnies, etc., and the cuddle dolls that are such a comfort while waiting for the "sand-man". For the baby there are soft towels with the word "baby" embroidered in; moccasins and celluloid or rubber toys galore.

The cut-out books, stencil outfits, sewing or embroidery sets, are good gifts to while away the stormy days.

TALKS ON HEALTH AND BEAUTY

By Pauline Furlong

Copyright, 1919, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

More Hints to Blondes.

M ANY fair complexioned women are embarrassed by red, rough skin and it is necessary to overcome its sensitive condition by the frequent applications of some pure lubricating oils and creams, to avoid this trouble. All kinds of soaps must be used with great discretion, and the bland castile or pure olive oil soap should be used. It is not possible to obtain almost meat. Blondes with sensitive skin may use pure coconut oil for cleansing the skin if they find that water irritates the condition, or a mixture of three parts of rose water to one of glycerine may be used as a cleansing agent by those who can use glycerine.

Many women find glycerine a great aid to the skin and a wonderful beautifier, while others cannot use it at all, but I, personally, find it both a whitening and bleaching action, when diluted with rose or orange flower water.

Pure almond oil, with a few drops of your favorite perfume added—say two ounces of the oil to ten or twelve drops of the odor—combine an economical and softening cleansing agent and honey lotions are also recommended. I am giving to-day a formula for a simple and cheap honey lotion which is efficacious in the treatment of thin, fair skin which has become reddened and roughened through harsh soaps, hot water or cold and wind. It is made from equal parts of spermaceti, white wax, honey

and sweet almond oil. Melt the first two over lukewarm water, and when they are soft add the two liquids and whip until well mixed.

Blondes must use only the lightest kind of massage, which will stimulate the blood circulation but not pull or drag the tender flesh down, causing it to sag. The patting with all four fingers of each hand is the best massage method to pursue.

Blondes must be studiously avoiding at all times because it is very drying to the skin and robs it of its natural oils, causing wrinkles and fine lines to appear earlier in life than is at all necessary.

In my next article I shall advise blondes how to care for their hair to keep it light and fluffy and later will give a few hints to brunettes also.

WHAT Do You Know?

Copyright, 1919, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

1. What volcano destroyed the city of Pompeii?
2. What is the name of the chief ingredient of chewing gum?
3. What was the first English settlement in Virginia?
4. What precious stone is obtained from the Kingdom of mines?
5. Of what country was Ptolemy a part before the war?
6. What woman prohibitionist became famous for using a hatchet?
7. In what section of the United States are the residents not entitled to a vote.
8. What former President was once Governor General of the Philippine Islands?
9. What animal is used as a beast of burden in the caravans of the Sahara Desert?
10. What human trait is sometimes called "The Green Eyed Monster"?
11. What General is being honored as a possible Presidential candidate?
12. On what continent is a section known as the "Gold Coast"?

ANSWERS TO YESTERDAY'S QUESTIONS.

1. Calcutta. 2. Egypt. 3. 93.5 seconds. 4. Troy. 5. Roamer. 6. Reno. 7. Gladstone. 8. Scripture. 9. China. 10. Kerensky. 11. Kipling. 12. Lucia de Lammermoor.

HOW TO JOIN THE KLUB AND OBTAIN YOUR PIN.

Beginners with any sum of \$1.00 or more can join the Klub. The Klub Pin is a small metal pin with a picture of the Klub on it. It is a valuable souvenir and a symbol of membership.

CLUB PIN

COUPON NO. 560